

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thibby* meete by Moone-light.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thibby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Botome*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thibby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here, Soneere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speake *Piramus*: *Thibby* stand forth.

*Pir.* *Thibby*, the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pir.* Odours fauours sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thibby* deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit, Pir.*

*Puck.* A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

*Thib.* Must I speake now?

*Pet.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thib.* Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most briskly Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

*Pet.* *Ninnies* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answered to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

*Thib.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

*Pir.* If I were faire, *Thibby* I were onely thine.

*Pet.* O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

*The Clownes all Exit.*

*Puk.* Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

*Enter Piramus with the Asses head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard.

*Enter Snug.*

*Sn.* O *Botome*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Asses-head of your owne, do you?

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Botome*, blesse thee; thou art transfigured.

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can, I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woodcocke, so blacke of hew,

With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throftle, with his note so true,

The Wren and little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,

The plainfong Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeede, who would let his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,

Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

*Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe;

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe;

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt like an aire spirit goe.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*

*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

*Tyta.* Be

*Tita.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman,

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,

The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,

And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bed, and to arise

And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,

To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.

Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

*Peaf.* Pease-blossome.

*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash,

your mother, and to master Peascod your father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shall desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seede.

*Peaf.* Pease-blossome.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe

hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seede.

*Tita.* Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a wistrie eie,

And when the weepes, weepe euerie little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Tye vp my louters tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

*Enter King of Pharies, solus.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which the must dote on, in extremitie.

*Enter Pucke.*

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,

What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

*Puck.* My Mistris with a monster is in loue,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,

Were met together to rehearse a Play,

Inrended for great *Thebes* nuptiall day:

The shallowest thick-skinn'd of that barren sort,

Who *Piramus* presented in their sport,

Forsooke his Seche, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage rake;

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thibbie* must be answered,

And forth my Mimicke comes: when they him spie,

As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or ruffed-pated choughes, many in sort

(Rising and cawing at the guns report)

Seuer themselves, and madly sweep the skyes

So at his sight, away

And at our stampe, he

He murther cries, and

Their sense thus wea

Made senselesse thing

For briars and thorne

Some sleeues, some h

I led them on in this

And left sweete *Piramus*

When in that mome

*Tytania* wak'd, and st

*Ob.* This fals out

But hast thou yet lach

With the loue iuyce,

*Rob.* I tooke him

And the *Athenian* w

That when he wak't,

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Ob.* Stand close, t

*Rob.* This is the w

*Dem.* O why rebu

Lay breath so bitter

*Her.* Now I but

For thou (I feare) ha

If thou hast slaine *Ly*

Being ore shoes in b

me too:

The Sunne was not so

As he to me. Would

From sleeping *Herm*

This whole earth ma

May through the Ce

Her brothers noonet

It cannot be but th

So should a mutther

*Dem.* So should

Pierst through the h

Yet you the murder

As yonder *Venus* in

*Her.* What's thi

Ah good *Demetrius*,

*Dem.* I'de rather

*Her.* Out dog, out

Of maidens patience

Henceforth be neuer

Oh, once tell true, e

Durst thou a lookt v

And hast thou kill'd

Could not a worne

An Adder did it: fo

Then chine (thou ser

*Dem.* You spend

I am not guiltie of

Nor is he dead for o

*Her.* I pray thee

*Dem.* And if I co

*Her.* A priuiled

And from thy hated

Whether he be dead

*Dem.* There is ne

Here therefore for a

So sorrowes heauin

For debt that bankr

Which now in some